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"MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE."

A SATIRE.

Carroll Dott

"Man seems the only growth that dwindles here."
GOLDSMITH

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A satire is an invective poem; the fire to a burn, or the wind that ruffles up some dull, green pool, to freshen it, before it settles back to stagnancy.

"*MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.*"

I.

Byron ! conceited bard, to thee I bend,
And humbly beg satiric Muse to lend ;
Nor think, because my critics do asperse,
I rush to her to venge an outraged verse :
I would not call your mistress from the skies,
Did I not, frankly, first apologize
For wishing now your best idea to steal,
In writing, that, which I sincerely feel ;
Not, self-sufficient, for my halting rhyme,
But, more important, for my land and time.

II.

Let loose, my friends ! I will not hold my pen.
The lion Truth shall rush from out his den,
Burst through the bars of timid critics' laws,
And imperfection crush beneath his paws ;
He shall our faults o'erwhelm in mighty spring ;
Our vices to their natal soil bring ;
Nor meanly crouch, unlike his kingly race,
In craven brake, but boldly shall he face
The shafts of ridicule, that seek to kill
With poison malice, which they slow instil.
Some, there may be, who do not see the faults,
Who do not think at all (there are such dolts)

Who pass in sluggish way through tranquil life,
Nor hear of Intellect the drum and fife
That marshal them in Reason's host to fight,
And win the rampart of a higher light.
To such ! I've naught to say. Rest ye content !
Serene, pursue your feeble, misty bent !
You still may think your life's chief acme reached :
To live, to marry, and be weekly preached.
But to the thinking man of some ideas,
To him I speak, and only have my fears,
That haps I tell some things but too well known—
No matter ! Let them stand ! They shall be shown.

III.

Needs must that man should often say or think
His time the worst ; his country on the brink
Of swift destruction ; else, how should it be
That timeful commentators, frequent, clearly see
A revolution seething everywhere,
And scent rebellion in the murky air,
That wraps the state of politics around,
And stifles probity where'er 'tis found.
With us, we've had one little civil war
That well nigh split our country to the core,
Dyed its fair pastures with fraternal blood,
And splashed its banners in their native mud ;
And this, before our first "Centennial day ;"
But far from me be thought or wish to say
That we shall ever fight again. Oh, no !
We shall, of course, down through the ages go,
Roll off the cycles with a lavish hand,
A great Republic e'en divided stand.

See, the dim Future lifts awhile her veil !
Stand up, man ! Look ! nor shrink and turn so pale.
(The patient trembling 'neath the surgeon's knife
Must steel his shaking nerves to save his life).
See how the cities grow, as mushrooms spring
Up from the sod, where naught before had been !
Hear, through the length and breadth, the varied cry
Of multitudes that live, but now to die !
Mark, how communities, in much apart,
Each wax in power and augment in art.
But now, who is it stalking o'er the land ?
Grim Jealousy, with Envy, hand-in-hand ;
Ills and abuses follow in their train,
Crowd in the streets and tread the rising grain :
They pass, and where before was, smiling scene
Of town and country, fair, with meadows green,
By Passion's storm is shaken to the base,
And Law, unwilling, hides her peaceful face.
Have done, dread Future ! Draw again the veil !
Conceal from us the scene of woe and wail !
The Greek republics lived three hundred years,
And then succumbed to coward Freedom's fears ;
Shall we not, then, at least as happy be ?
The curtained Future says : " Ask not of me ! "
" Yours is the power to change my very form,"
" To make me blissful, where I now may mourn ; "
" Nor ask me what my sorrow may avert,"
" Go, look in Washington and see my hurt."
" Go, see not statesmen, but their want and dearth : "
" The country cries for men of sterling worth."
" See office holders scramble for your gold,"
" And men, who all but interest have sold,"

"Push on for place, with naught to recommend."
So speaks the Future. May you all attend!

IV.

Oh black Corruption! hag! witch! fiend! go back!
Nor leave behind your hissing, serpent pack.
Fourth Fury, worse e'en than the horrid Three,
Their snakes are head bound, but yours all are free
To stealthy glide through every hole and crack,
And smear each state with foul and slimy track.
Go back to Hell! and feed upon its fire,
Or feel the weight of angry freemen's ire.
Disgorge our stolen gold from out your maw!
No. Take it! To be rid—you might have more.

V.

Talk not of gold, I sing me now of "Brass,"
The metal-faced, with form both sleek and crass;
Dug from the meanest earth, haps never free
And clean of it, or scorns to polished be,
Or smoothed perchance with superficial sand,
Steps boldly up to rule his native land:
Loud does he sound when beaten with the rod
Of self-aggrandizement,—a district god—
And batters hard, as read in fable lay,
The weaker vessels made of softer clay.

VI.

Authority, best bauble of the base,
In modest hands, a jewel fit to grace
The crown of any king, countless in price,
Is but a plaything here, for those not nice
And quick to recognize its strictest use;
They toss it round and work it foul abuse,

Or strut about, the gem upon their shirt,
Conceiting lustre from the shining dirt :
A borrowed gem, from us, who rashly pawn
Our noble birthright, thus, to those adorn,
Who with its brightness do but deck their pride,
And smallest bonus give to us beside.
Beware the men, who govern for the greed
Of power or wealth—Beware the growing seed
Of families, that live in politics alone ;
Snarling and snatching for each meaty bone :
Beware the cry of patronage and place,
The shaking hand and servile, smiling face,
The bosh of issue and the prate of cause :
Rulers are rulers but to make our laws ;
Once they are made—Ah ! then, you must obey,
Therefore, in ruler-making, guard your way !
Go to your primaries ! Don't leave them to the trade,
Make your committees ! Let them not *be* made.
Stand up a man and know the *why* and *how*
Nor vote unanimous for any cow
Whose name and tale may, in your face be whisked
By the pushing ones, who "have the matter fixed,"
Govern yourselves, in fact, as well as name
Your many masters are as one, the same.

VII.

Hold ! Stay ! My Muse has most repugnant fled ;
She swears she'll ne'er return and with me wed,
To even satirize such matters black.
Oh, sweetest Censure, if you *will* come back,
I promise you to turn the page to-night,
And sing, hereafter, of affairs more white.

So leave we politics to work their will
Nor hope Abuse with keenest pen to kill.
Still let our rulers spread abroad their views
And think they govern when they but confuse.
Let Congressmen their printed speeches mail ;
To save a seat, in all but record fail ;
On measures turn a party-colored glance
And haggle laws whene'er they have the chance.
Let Senators in lengthy speeches roll
Out well turned period, with self-sufficient soul,
Bristling with theories impossible, though fine,
And have for practice, saddest lack of time.
Turn we, from these, to more congenial thought ;
We've other, harder battles to be fought.

VIII.

Of rulers still, my Muse and I must sing ;
Sung we those rulers, sing we now our king :
Stern Majesty, to *you* alone we bow,
A stiff-necked people, but to you allow
An almost worship. See, your subjects kneel
And fawn to you, who hold the giddy wheel
Of restless Fortune in your steady hand,
And all control, throughout our widespread land.
King Commerce, you it is, that rule our sod,
Prince, satrap, chief, in fact almost a god.
You govern all things with a golden wand.
Let Commerce king it ! I'm not over-fond
Of imports, exports, daily turns in stocks,
And Hope delusive that e'en foresight mocks
With show of riches, readily amassed,
Nor points the road, until the road be past.

His subjects dwell world-wide the world around,
But most submissive in our land are found.
Here, do we rise and fall on market billow,
And sleep with business on a frantic pillow.
We rise, and business dyes the very morn
With rosy red or gray with coming storm
Of credit lost or creditors oppressed
With fear of loss forbidding them to rest.
In youth, our thoughts on traffic fondly range,
'Tis then we cunning make our first exchange;
We grudge the time we spend on useless books,
On barter gaze with eager, longing looks,
From study turn with injudicious haste,
Nor heed the opportunity we waste;
We fondly clasp such mistress to our breast,
Embrace her charms with most unthinking zest.
For her we squander health, e'en life itself,
With her we seek to win ignoble pelf.
At last, one of a fancied happy few,
Sweet Mistress! then, perchance we rail at you,
From you we turn, Retired Life to wed,
Nor think of you, or thinking—wish you dead.
And does she, then, our cold neglect berate?
Oh, no! She, artful jade, does naught but wait,
Sure, that we soon will weary of our wife,
And seek with her, a more exciting life.
E'en so the few: but, oh! what hosts there are
Who never step in Fortune's gilded car,
But reach to grasp her carried swiftly by,
And failing this, can nothing do but try
To pluck a living from her golden store,
And, gaining this, need hope to e'er win more.

With temper soured by pursuit so vain,
They see their landscape as through cloud of rain,
And standing there, to brood upon the view,
Forget their friends becoming drenched too.

IX.

Sweet maid, Content, I do you thoughtless wrong.
I stop, I listen. Sing your happy song!
Tell how these slaves to Luck's imperious nod,
May smile with you and quick escape their god.
But no, I will not listen. Fly! Away!
You shall not turn me from my carping lay:
My Muse already looks at you aghast,
And jealous calls me, you, to stern outcast.

X.

Adieu, then, Business! Come we now to Pelf,
Her horrid child, a bad, misshapen elf,
But like all dwarfs, of well-nigh giant strength,
Extending arms unmeasured in their length,
He holds each land in seldom shifting grip,
But us he never once, allows to slip,
Nor do we ever dare to doubt his force,
In love or need, he firm directs our course.

XI.

Business and Money, with transition swift,
We turn from you, concealing veil to lift
Off from the cradle of our baby Art;
A smiling child—God bless its little heart!—
Who would have said a century had rolled
O'er such a tiny head? Who could have told

Our land would such a wonderling bring forth,
To live an hundred years and ne'er spring forth,
Out from its cradle, and with lusty tread
Stride through the world to emulate the dead?
We have our artists, if the name apply
To those who live in art but soon to die.
Whose fame to body is too nearly wed,
Lose quick renown so soon as breath is fled;
The lasting fame, beyond a life's poor dole,
Must bind itself securely, to a soul.
Just as the trout, that spring in mountain stream,
Bowl with the sun, to throw him back his beam;
So with these artists when in death they're caught,
Their colors die, their name no more is thought:
We turn from them to cast anew our line,
To strike another fish, perhaps more fine,
Or taken home, they grace a dining-room,
And point repast with picture of their doom.
A few may be, to merit better fate,
Unhappy few, I fear you live too late;
The world, all o'er, is sick of hackneyed school,
And children bowing to some master's rule,
Or foolish truant shunning master's sway
Unless that truant be too great to stay,
And con his lesson o'er, with timid grace,
But must away, untaught, the world to face.
Mayhap I err—perhaps I should have said
You were too early born, her hopes misled
Your motherland thus soon to you conceive;
We're not prepared great talent to receive,
We are too busy in our ceaseless trade;
We have no time to court indocile maid;

We glance at her with interested eye,
But cannot stop to woo her, e'en to try
Her graceful coquetries to understand,
Much less to win from her, reluctant hand.
The few that leisure have, to fancy art,
Prefer more wanton maid, with every part
Luxurious, with perfect form and grace
More often found among the Latin race.
They stoop to kiss and fondle native lass,
Or do not stop, but hasty glancing, pass
To kneel before some mistress strange and proud,
And truly so, her fame may need no shroud.

Others there are—let's pass them by in haste—
Who have for art the time but not the taste;
Are bid to wealth, when sudden fortune calls,
And buy their pictures but to match their walls;
In vulgar house they have a vacant place,
So pick a painting to fill up the space.
Naught do they know of any master's hand,
But joy to buy because the frame is grand.

Art is a tree. The branches are the schools:
Old masters make the trunk—religious fools,
Why did they thus eternally depict
A virgin's face? Pray, why so seldom pricked
By other fame?—one branch grows fairly here,
And to far heaven reaches up more near;
Our landscape painters in their form excel;
In posing page they can do more than spell.
But, Budding Artists! Why persistent hammer
Upon one nail? No need of panorama
To show the beauties of our natal land:
Perhaps you think that Progress' iron hand

Will sweep our country of its finest scenes?
It may be so ; but why exist in dreams ?
At least don't live in dreams so very bitter ;
Sweet dreaming often makes a man much fitter
To cope with life's hard actuality,
But night-mare's far too near reality.
I sing of hammering, and fancy roams
To artisan in crowded city homes,
To carpentry and other humble walk,
Of artist life and men of board and chalk,
Who fashion building with a party-rule
And make inhabitant to play the fool ;
They've one excuse, that in our sober day
They make us laugh, a priceless gift, I say.

XII.

"When music, heavenly maid, was young,"
The poet sang and has most sweetly sung.
"Was young," indeed ; and pray has she been born
In our land, or am I foully wrong,
In thinking that our birds but sing by rote,
Like mocking-birds and go for time and note
To other climes where these more tuneful are,
Or seek to catch them drifting from afar ?
And am I wrong in thinking that we stand,
And whistle for a breeze from other land
To fill our trumpets with melodious blast ?
For we have trumpets, well-esteemed at last.
Like to a needy, spendthrift courtier, old ;
We have most gaudy purse, but lack of gold :
Of baser coins, though, we have a store,
And quite a lot of counterfeits, what's more.

But, though our birds be tuneless when untaught,
Our trumpets empty till the breeze be caught ;
Although our gaudy purse be free of gold,
And full of counterfeits of meanest mold,
Still we are rich and can afford to buy,
So let the teacher-birds sing merrily.
We'll buy a bag to hold a borrowed puff,
And bring it o'er, our sounding brass to stuff.
Why is it ? Is there something in our air ?
Is it again this horrid business care
That dulls the subtleties of intellect ?
Or is it, that artistic rays deflect
To other lands and there do concentrate
Of finer objects all the best and great ?
Our birds most skilful are : my Muse relents,
And for severity a bit repents.
Our songsters learn in other land their trills,
But out-sing teacher in sweet song that fills
The globe and rings o'er vale and highest berg,
From Buenos Ayres to St. Petersburg.
The best, the loveliest, by foreign dross,
And titled hands, that richest jewels toss,
Are kept from us, nor will they warble here
Until their voices cost, full many a tear,
Nor will they, graceful, fill our opera board
Until the mass, less careful with their hoard,
Consent to pay their singing in its worth,
And give Variety a wider berth.

XIII.

Of Sculpture, now, but harshest Muse insists
She will not sing, but hovering round me flits,

And threats to go and leave me in the lurch,
Unless I turn from praise and careful search
To find in marble pure, some unchaste stain,
In strictest justice, I cannot, and fain
Must turn me now to rail at our rock,
And at the strife of elements and shock
Of molten matter, that, before the light,
So thoughtless made our marble far from white.
But though our sculptors find our marble, blue,
They seek abroad for inspiration too.

XIV.

Age wins respect, but no respect have I,
A Yankee true, I cannot venerate.
Come forth, old men, all ye about to die,
Though living still an be it not too late.
Longfellow ! Bryant ! Hear me from the train
Of those who like your versing ! It is plain
That you can pretty write. Now grasp the hours !
I pray you, sing no more of birds and flowers ;
Of domesticity (an awful state),
And other things more truly good than great.
Longfellow ! glut no more a careful rhyme
With words of tuneful sound from distant clime.
Why go to other land for liquid beat
Of o's and a's and more poetic feet
Than found among our native rocks and trees ?
Or must our versers, too, seek o'er the seas
For subject suited to æsthetic taste,
And let our own great country lie in waste ?
Are you content to send your Kanuck maid,
And Indian brave, thus, almost without aid,

To face the harshness of forgetful time,
Or sink deserted in a sea of rhyme?
Methinks our editor forecast his fame
In winning it, to damn it with a name.
Not you alone, but Whittier, Lowell, Holmes,
How fine their wit! What profitable tomes
Their easy pens have writ! What impulse grand
They've given to the writing of their land!
Alas! How sad, their genius dies scarce seen
And moulders in their clique's dull magazine;
Where costly jewel glints, a page to fill,
To buy a book or pay a butcher's bill.
Walt Whitman, too, philosopher's pet child,
Word-stringing writer of philosophy run wild;
To be original, this poet, "in a stew,"
Became original, nor gave the world aught new:
He, knowing, stepped the bound to maddest side;
Self-murdered genius, poet! is belied.
And songster Miller, man of richest muse,
Adorning beauty to its own misuse,
Winds his fair garlands round his English bays
Until th' exotics must get all the praise;
Pistols and riders, lovers dusky, blonde;
Lovers, of reason are not over-fond—
As for the rest, so sure as age brings on
To sickly child the force to pen and con
A favorite author, then, we have a bard.
Poor Pegasus you're ridden cursèd hard,
Small wonder is it that you cannot soar,
Weighed down with poets hanging you all o'er;
How they crowd on, each, thinking he may ride:
Great local genius of homecircle's pride!

Newspaper swans, black, in a sea of ink ;
Take heart, ye Muses ! See them soak and sink !

XV.

Churchill is dead, thank God, or else he had
Wanted the puppets for his "Rosciad."
Had he been here, the other day, to see,
Our so-called players in full company,
Methinks he'd turn his pen to other task,
Wooing another Muse his fame to ask.
Eight hundred ! What an army, what an host !
And scarce three actors worthy of a boast.
And as for actresses ! Woe's me ! Ah well,
What boots the acting, when the form may tell?
We've theatres ? Yes, perhaps, some three or four
To win the name, I do insist no more ;
The others all discard propriety,
Giving themselves to base variety :
Truckle to patronage from common horde,
And with contortion shake indecent board,
Serve lewdness up in classical array,
Or stupid dance and song to pay the way :
On these our poet would not waste a glance,
But leave them, servile, to their greed's best chance.
And of our theatres, what would he say ?
Take Wallack's first—to speak of it I may,
Though is it in New York ? I do not know ;
'Tis on Broadway, I think, it must be so.
With one idea our Wallack is imbued,
To glut our appetite with Cockney food.
There's one advantage, though, and that's to him,
'Twill take a deal of it, it is so thin.

See weakness dawdle on the hybrid stage ;
Your London wit is really quite the rage :
A pun, an epigram, from puerile hand ;
The crowd all laugh, but do they understand ?
Here's English father—but for mother fair
Go round the corner to the Union Square :
" For shame ! 'tis an adultery ! " you cry ;
French is the form, American the eye ;
A modest eye and blushing cheek, you know,
Renown our people, so the wit must go.
And yet, just see them ! How they push and stare !
You'd think they revelled in th' infected air.
Strange innuendo, in their fancy's please,
They die worse death than with the true disease.
Like is the sickness, like immoral end,
Without apt hand of Wit—the mother's friend.—
Our countless playwrights do not take the hint.
Read plain receipt, then, without scrup. or tinct.
Take a seduction—dress in mother's clothes.
What more is needed to complete the dose ?
A word to you, my feebly grubbing friends !
'Tis not in " character " you'll gain your ends,
This, true, may serve to heighten the effect,
But want of oddity is not defect,
For social custom must your dullness strive ;
Catch manners flying ! Show them up alive !
We have them new and well worth sneering at ;
Others have wondered long, for truth of that.
A trackless plain, rich in a thousand hues :
Come ! Pluck a flower for your sickly muse,
Nor think to please her with a hot-house weed,
Forced in a sterile bed from musty seed,

And laid before the public with the smile
Of friendly manager, or critic's wile.
That you need wit, of course, you all must know
You're of a class—I lump you here below.

XVI.

Kind Censure ! you have tarried with me long,
Strange to this land, unwonted in its song,
You must be tired, rest awhile, my dear !
I'll call in Clio, to assist us here.
Stern Muse, come down ! Full well you know the path ;
Of all the muses, you alone from wrath
Are free, in looking on our sordid shore.
Come to our help ! I summon you once more.

XVII.

A lad there is, born in our country wide—
What matters it the state or on which side ?
An average boy, the mean of brains and strength ;
So with his youth—why set it out at length ?
He gobbles dinner, goes to school or plays,
Does this or that, becoming childish ways,
Is sick or well, heads class, smokes a first pipe,
As all the others have. Take him for type !
Gets education, haps to college goes,
Swears, drinks, or studies, sometimes even rows.
At last the book-work, good or bad, is through,
His childhood finished, he must something do ;
He cannot be a merchant. Oh ! no ! no !
He has an education, you must know :
Law, science, medicine, for which one taste ?
On which shall he his mighty talents waste ?

So through the list—he will have none of these ;—
He may try one or two, his friends to please,
But inborn lacking or of work or scope
With better effort soon derides the cope.
"From A to Z" his destiny is whirled,
Until, alas, poor literary world!
No single letter will content the wight,
He takes them all, and sits him down to write.
What shall he write? Not *which*, as it should be;
He walks his room in wond'rous rhapsody
Of barren thought, and labors off a ream
Of timely rubbish. How the friends all beam!
Spelling is good; the punctuation fair;
The sentences connect with needful care;
A publisher or editor down town;
An introduction and devised renown;
A little pushing, some few tricks to learn;
Another wreath! Ah! smell the incense burn!
Plays, novels, essays, travels, what you will,
E'en some philosophy, a book to fill.
The name of genius dins about our ears,
A peddling genius of some score of years.
Insulting upstart for a hallowed name,
A grinning mimic in the garb you claim,
You wear the garment for a sottish age
That claps to see you crowding all the stage;
With mediocrity you fill the scene,
If aught be better it cannot be seen:
Putting old thoughts from words to words again,
Snivelling anguish with imagined pain
Of inspiration that your learning crooks,
Hot from the reading of the primal books;

An essayist, you solemn dogmatize
In worn out tenet that for owner cries :
A novelist, you rack a fatty brain
To grease the axles of a railway train :
A dramatist, stop ! Playwright, with a part
You fit an actor to his only art :
A traveller, you drag us on your way
Oft too well-known, so we the bills can pay :
A journalist, you think you rule the land :
Who, from a paper-leader takes command,
Or hearkens to the bidding of his staff,
Hack-riding livers on a paragraph ?
Philosopher, you dress a theory absurd
In prudent masking of a misty word,
Or struggle drowning in a drop of thought,
Till raft of floating rhetoric be caught,
A critic—hem—for you there is excuse ;
There's naught to criticize that's worth abuse,
So unskilled notions can be no surprise.
Come, learn from me, then. Damn me well my eyes !
You won't ? How shrewd ! I know your crafty look,
You will not do it. Cause ? 'Twill sell the book.
In your ear, then, that's your greatest fault,
Friend-serving jump-jack, conscientious dolt.
How happy is the man of quiet home,
The great majority, not too well-known,
And so with all things, 'tis the merely-well,
E'en robs felicity from proud excel,
Except in art, for here 'tis in the worse,
An average artist is a fearful curse.
Your manufactured writer is a ban
Laid by our practicality upon the man,

Of wit or taste, that weighs him to the earth,
To grovel in the sameness of his birth.

XVIII.

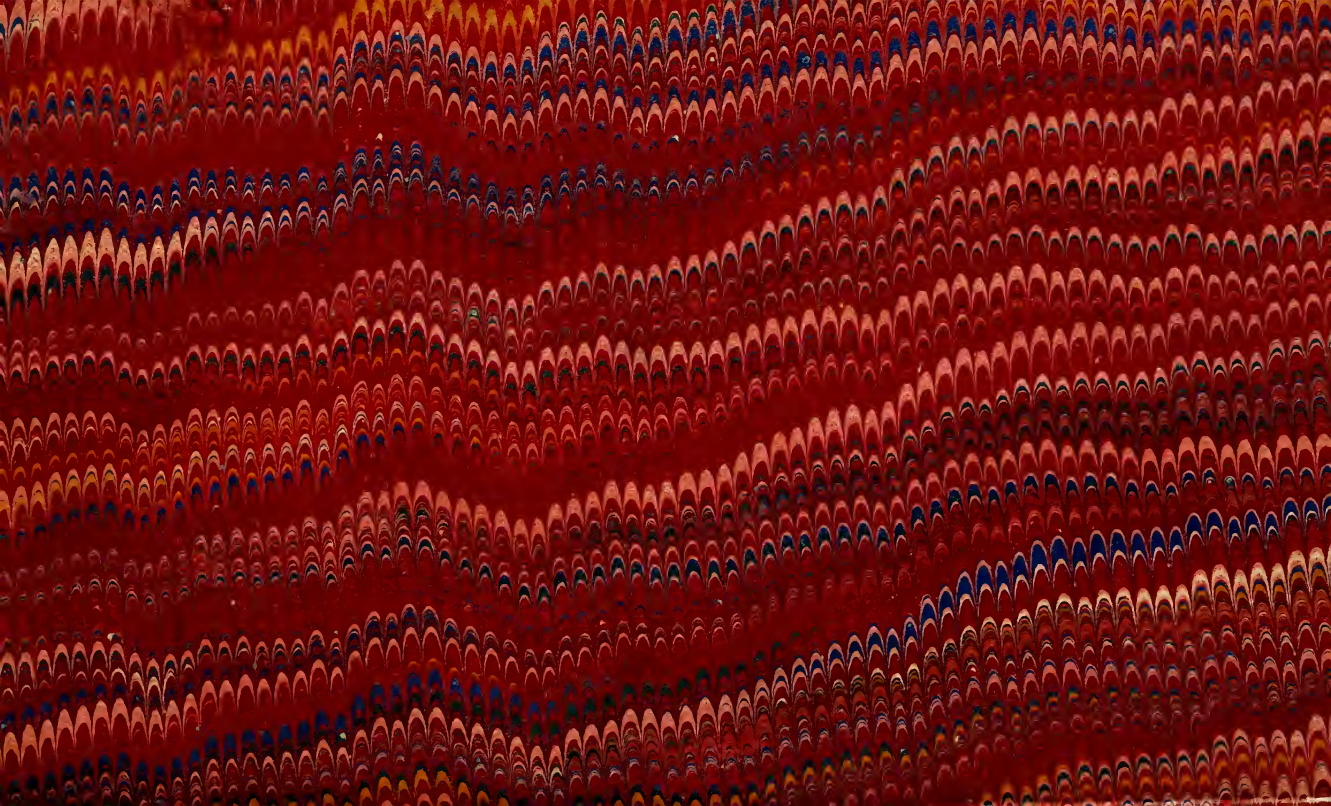
Come forth, Vulgarity ! I'll show the man,
Since to be common is American ;
Were all *not* common we should cease to be
A true republic, hence vulgarity.
We are crowd-loving, as the meaner beast,
And as they do, we follow at the least
Turn of a leader who may take command,
In art or politics, to point the hand.
Says some one : " This is good," we straightway cheer.
Another : " It is bad," we groan and jeer.
Says no one good or bad, we turn away,
We cannot trust ourselves to aye or nay.
  Fame is an out-of-season rarity,
We feast on home-made popularity,
Till, surfeited, we lose the finer sense,
And want but quantity from any whence.
Unjustly envious, we cannot see
An excellence, but sneer equality.
Are we then equal? 'Tis but in a vote.
Have we equality of mind and coat ?
Oh, yes ! Of mind, indeed, it must be so,
Since quantity makes quality but low.
Are we free ? Yes, free to criticize,
To bandy gossip of each other's lives,
To show the world how meanly made we are,
And think the laughter praise, it comes so far,
As all who live unto themselves, alone,
To think our ways the best, the rest unknown ;

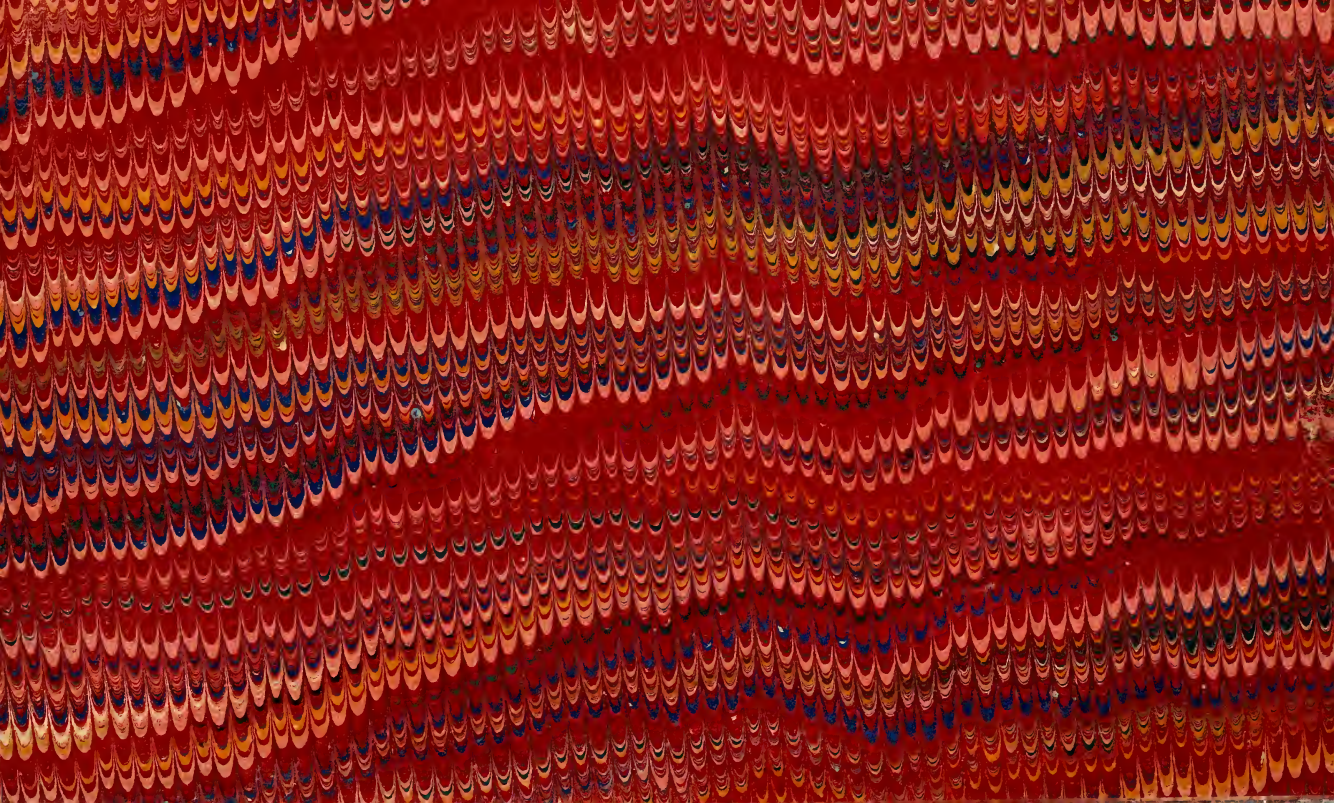
To arrogate importance from the space
That keeps the hands of others from our face ;
To strut and boast, and snatch, and crow, and cheer,
And glory in "the smallness of our beer ;"
We're a cheap lot in everything but price ;
Cheap in our virtue, cheaper in our vice.
Catch we a lord, we laud him to the skies.
Methinks I see the well-curved eyebrows rise.
Why not feast every emigrant that lands ?
Fling daughters at them, kiss their useful hands ?
Roll your own titles round your greedy tongue !
Tip up the hogshead ! Drink them at the bung !
I see your wisdom though, I must confess :
It does need flavoring, the washy mess.
A tinsel, gimcrack, people of veneer !
Scratch us, we're ruined—wrecked where'er we steer.
With hampered hands we take the gifts of God,
We cannot help the goodness of the sod.
A spendthrift's use of heritage, we haste
To snatch one portion for the five we waste :
Had careful brother owned the wide estate,
The world had pushed to bow before our gate.
"Wait, wait, my friend, we're young. Dry up your tears !"
Good God ! We've waited for some hundred years.

XIX.

As one who wanders in a mountain land,
I see but higher rocks on every hand ;
I'm sick and tired ; Muse ! you may begone,
To you belong the merit of the song :
Without you, then, I fain must quick conclude
My rhyming curse, with comic interlude.

Why did I pen it? If you must and will,
I'm as the rest—I've got a little bill.
That's patriotic, now, you must confess;
Besides I feel so, maybe more—or less.





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